

*La.* Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too  
 Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deede.  
 Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.  
*Glo.* The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.  
*La.* He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.  
*Glo.* Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,  
 For he was fitter for that place then earth.  
*La.* And thou visit for any place but hell.  
*Glo.* Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.  
*La.* Some Dungeon.  
*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.  
*La.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.  
*Glo.* So will it Maddam till I lie with you.  
*La.* I hope so.  
*Glo.* I know so, but gentle Lady *Anna*,  
 To leaue this kind encounter of your wits,  
 And fall somewhat into a slower methode:  
 Is not the causer of the time-lesse death,  
 Of these Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward*,  
 As blamefull as the executioner?  
*La.* Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.  
*Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect,  
 Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleepe,  
 To vndertake the death of all the world,  
 So I might rest that houre in your sweete bosome.  
*La.* If I thought that, I tell thee homicid e,  
 These nailes should rend that beauty from their cheekes.  
*Glo.* These eyes could neuer endure sweete beauties wracke,  
 You should not blemish them if I stood by:  
 As al the world is cleared by the Sunne,  
 So I by that, it is my day, my life.  
*La.* Blacke night ouerhad thy day, and death thy life.  
*Glo.* Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.  
*La.* I would I were to be reuenged on thee.  
*Glo.* It is a quarrell most vnaturall,  
 To be reuenged on him that loueth you.  
*La.* It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,  
 To be reuenged on him that slew my Husband,  
*Glo.* He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,  
 Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

*La.* His better doth not breake vpon the earth.  
*Glo.* Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.  
*La.* Name him  
*Glo.* Plantagenet.  
*La.* Why what was hee?  
*Glo.* The selfe same name but one of better nature,  
*La.* Where is hee?  
*Glo.* Here. *Shee spitteth at him.*  
 Why doest spit at me?  
*La.* Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.  
*Glo.* Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.  
*La.* Neuer hung poyson on a fowler roade,  
 Out of my sight thou doest infect my eyes.  
*Glo.* thine eyes sweete Lady haue infected mine,  
*La.* Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.  
*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once,  
 For now they kill me with a liuing death:  
 Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,  
 Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,  
 I neuer sued to friends nor enemy,  
 My tongue could neuer learne sweete smoothing words,  
 But now thy beauty is propolde my see;  
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake,  
 Teach no: my lips such scorne, for they were made  
 For kissing Lady not for such contempt.  
 If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,  
 Loe here I lend thee this sharpe poynted swerd,  
 Which if you please to hide in this true bosome,  
 And let the soule forth that a dorneth thee:  
 I lay it naked to thy deadly stroake:  
 And humbly beg the death vpon my kace.  
 Nay, doe not pause, twas I that kild your husband,  
 But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:  
 Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,  
 But twas thy heavenly face that set me on: *Here she lets*  
 Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me. *fall the sword.*  
*La.* Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,  
 I will not be the executioner.  
*Glo.* Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.  
*La.* I haue already.

